

# The Alaskan Churchman

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SEPTEMBER, 1957

Number 3



O YE+ICE+AND+SNOW  
BLESS+YE+THE+LORD;  
PRAISE+HIM+AND+  
MAGNIFY HIM FOREVER



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The design on the cover of this magazine is the work of Paul Eustace Ziegler. In art, it brings to Alaska the wondrous events and great characters connected with the Nativity of Our Lord and the Feast of the Epiphany.

The Blessed Virgin, who holds the Christ Child, is an Indian maid. A Fisherman, a Miner, and a Trapper represent the Wise Men who came from afar to offer their gifts and adoration. A fishnet, a screen of stately spruce trees, and towering, snowclad mountains form a lovely reredos. On either side stand members of that "glorious company of the Apostles" to guard the Holy Child.

# The Alaskan Churchman

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## *We Find Sin in Alaska too*

All too often missionary publications carry only tales of missionary triumphs, and there may well be a mistaken impression among some readers that missionary work has great physical and financial difficulty and hardship, but that generally there is the compensation of widespread gospel triumph in the lives of the people we serve.

In Alaska there have been some notable triumphs, and for this we thank God. Yet at the same time we have had our tragedies, our sins, and our failures, and these we acknowledge too.

The average member of the Episcopal Church at home might be somewhat shocked should he on certain occasions visit one of the Alaskan villages where the Church is at work and where the spiritual allegiance of the community is and has always been to the Episcopal Church. He might find

considerable drunkenness, some immorality, and a definite disinclination to work on the part of some of the men of the community. At the same time other splendid examples of witness to Christ and His teachings would be seen.

In many of our villages today our people are far from moral perfection, and we are the first to admit it, and this in itself is a clearer commandment than ever before that the church with her stability and strength and power is needed.

There are real reasons for the moral lapses we see—more than the obvious reasons that in every community some are stronger moral characters than others and some more industrious than others.

The fact is that the native population of Alaska is, in varying degrees, in a state of confusion. Their old way of life is virtually gone. This simple community life, with the rigorous demands of the frontier, was a terrific factor in determining the character and strength of its people.

Through centuries a way of living had been set up—with the resident chief and elders as an almost inflexible guide and police power; with each person filling some vital function in the community life; and with each person protected from economic disaster within the fabric of the community. Each person knew his place and function and future, and in many ways the course was inflexible, but it offered a great security within the pattern and also a terrific sense of belonging to some one and some place.

With the first real economic dent in this fabric the whole village system is inevitably doomed. By going out to work for high wages some men raise themselves vastly higher than their brothers; they learn new ways of doing things, and the old respect for the native way—good though it may be—soon begins to disappear.

White man's law with its remote and disinterested enforcement (and in the

(Continued on page 12)



# *A Church Grows in Circle*

By Bruce Kennedy

(Bruce Kennedy came to Alaska in the Fall of 1956 as a volunteer worker. He served three months at Christ Church Mission, Anvik (see "I was a Cheechako in Anvik", March, "Alaskan Churchman") and has been layman-in-charge of Trinity Mission, Circle, since January. He goes this fall to the seminary at The Church Divinity School of the Pacific. Bruce has done a splendid job in Alaska and our gratitude and prayers and good wishes go with him.)

For the past six months my home has been a tiny green house-trailer without wheels which sits two good strides from the front steps of Trinity Mission, Circle, Alaska. I arrived here in January and the snow was piled high on all sides. I moved in with my baggage to set up house-keeping and in so doing hit my head on the ceiling. I have since hit my head over and over again on the same ceiling every time I try to stand upright. Underneath my crew cut, the top of my head feels like a relief map of the Alaska Range.

It took me three weeks to get started mainly because I was cold. With the stove that was here I couldn't get the trailer warm enough to melt the ice off the walls and I could estimate the temperature in the morning by observing the thickness of the frost on the wall where I had been sleepily breathing on it all night. This discomfort was ended, though, when the Bishop flew in a brand new oil stove. From then on my trailer home was cozy and comfortable, and I was able to look around and see where I was. I was in Circle.

Circle City, as it is still called, was so named because (a) it once was a city of over 3,000 people and (b) those 3,000 people thought they had built the community exactly on the Arctic Circle having only erred by 48 miles). As a city, Circle was a

huge frontier camp built by the gold-rushing stampeders around the turn of the century. It was a boisterous, wild place with several dance halls and saloons, an opera house and, fortunately, a good jail. It was the largest log cabin city in the history of the world and chances are that that record will go unchallenged forever. It was the end of the line as far as civilization went because this was the jumping off place. The prospectors arrived from Dawson in Canada by boat down the Yukon. It was here that they picked up their last grubstake and had their last fling before heading west into vast unexplored woods and mountains of Alaska.

Editor's note: (Here Bishop Rowe established his first mission when he came to Alaska in 1896. Having "packed" over the dread Chilkoot Pass, and travelling in a small boat he built himself down the Yukon, he stopped at the new Circle City at the top of its boom. He saw the need for the ministry of the Church—both physical and spiritual. So a small hospital and a log church were built and a priest and a nurse secured to minister here. The work continued, largely under the devoted leadership of the Rev. Charles E. Rice, later Dean of Holy Trinity Pro-Cathedral in Juneau for more than twenty years, and the mission was known as the Church of the Heavenly Rest.

With the decline of the community in about 1906 it was impossible to keep resident workers there and Circle received its pastoral care from the visits of the bishops and of itinerant priests and archdeacons.

The flood of 1945 completely destroyed the church, leaving our work with no visible landmark of its long ministry, but happily in 1955 a new church was built and a trailer rectory added in 1956. With the erection of the new church the name of the mission



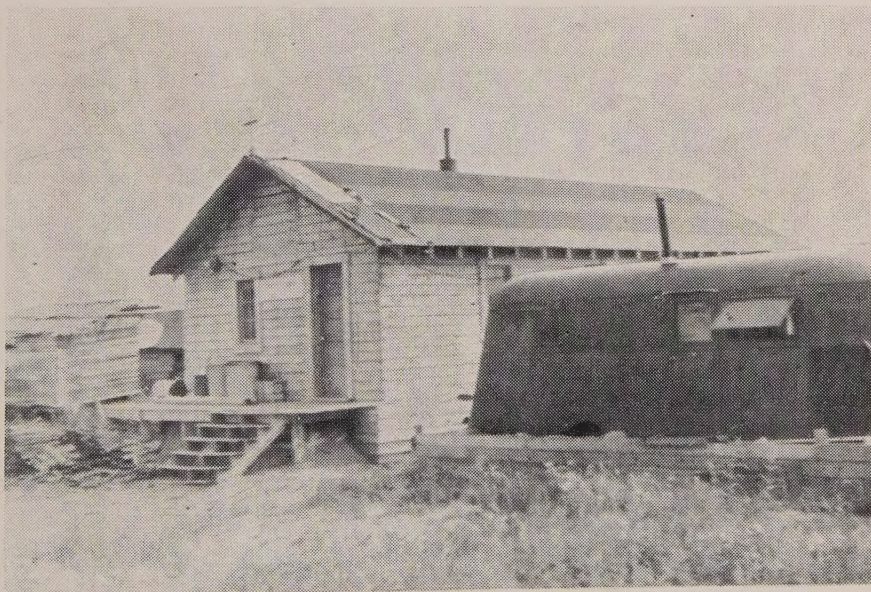


Bruce Kennedy with  
Young People at Circle

was changed to Trinity from the Mission of the Heavenly Rest, possibly to avoid misconceptions of the responsibilities to the work by seminarians and would-be seminarians in charge!)

Today Circle has a population of 65 people all of whom know that they aren't living on the Arctic Circle. The opera house is now the residence of Circle's oldest inhabitant, a 94 year old pioneer who came to Circle soon after its birth. The jail is now a storage cache which belongs to a wonderfully gay Indian woman. The dance halls are gone and what was once a saloon, then a school, then a church, is now Circle's general store. In the woods around the present village there are a few remains of the original cabins and if one scouts around he might find the rotting ribs of an old boat or the door which has a sign painted on it which is all that is left of a building which once housed "CIRCLE CITY DENTEL WORK".

Circle is still the end of the line, but it is a different line. This line runs north and south instead of east and west and it is made up of highways and not river routes. I suppose that the farthest south one could drive a car in the Western Hemisphere would be some place in Chile, but I know that the farthest north a car will go is Circle. This is the end of the road. If you don't stop when you get here,



Trinity Church and Rectory



you'll drive—in one direction—right into the Yukon River, or—in another direction—right into Gladys Boquist's house. Gladys Boquist is the president of our Woman's Auxiliary so I'd rather you didn't drive into her house.

Circle's one industry is a sawmill and the town is mechanized. There are four or five Caterpillar tractors of assorted sizes here and several trucks. A few dog teams are still around but they are fast being put out of business. We have as "public buildings," one store, a school, a community hall and Trinity Mission.

The mission consists of the church and the residence which is a small trailer with a low ceiling. (I feel I may have mentioned that before). The church is made of rough lumber and it has a tarpaper roof. Its walls are filled with sawdust which serves as insulation during the cold of the winter, and it is heated by an oil drum "Yukon" stove. It is not an impressive structure. It looks, from the outside, much more like a temporary warehouse than a church, but inside it is clean and quite clearly "The Place," as the Indian children put it, "where God lives."

I don't believe that God lives in every church. We tend to call any church a "House of God", but it takes more than the structure, the pews and the altar to entice him to take up residence even if the walls are made of cut stone from English quarries. People have to invite God into their church, I think. They have to want Him to be there. Well, anyway, He is in Trinity Mission. He was there before I got here and I trust that He'll be there long after I leave. I'm sure He could be no more present here if the church were a replica of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The church belongs to the people. The men of the village built it, helped by UTO funds, after the Yukon River carried away their previous one and there is a glow of pride which comes over the people every time they talk about it. One man has told me on five separate occasions, "You know, I helped build the church," and each time he

beams. The women share in this pride. They sweep and scrub it within an inch of its life every time a little mud gets tracked in. They make beautiful crepe paper flowers during the winter months when there are now wild flowers to decorate the altar. They are turning their considerable talent at beadwork toward making of a magnificent altar cloth out of three white caribou hides covered with thousands of tiny beads sewn into floral and ecclesiastical patterns. And they are making kneeling cushions too. These things are being done by nine mothers, some with nine or ten children. They are our Woman's Auxiliary. The children too have their part. They wield paint brushes and hammers. They build and tend the fire in the heater stove during the winter. And they are the masters of the "odd" jobs like running to get things. God lives in Trinity Mission because He's been invited.

We have a Morning and Evening Prayer service every Sunday, and the people don't choose between them—they usually come to both. There are 17 children who aside from attending those services also come to Sunday School in the afternoon. The Sunday School is taught by three of the young women. Our services of Holy Communion are dependent upon a visit from either the Bishop, the Archdeacon or some other priest so we often don't know until 15 minutes ahead of time when the service will begin. If the Bishop's plane circles the village, it is sure to be surrounded with people by the time he lands and taxis to a stop. They come out to meet him asking what time the Communion Service will begin so they can run and spread the word to all. They don't take their worship lightly.

All these things put me in an unusual position. I've had nothing to do with them. They just happen. I didn't suggest making the altar cloth. I don't advise the women when it's time to scrub the church, I just suddenly find a crew of them arriving with buckets, mops and brushes. I had nothing to do with the arrangement which causes a





Main Street, Circle City

fire to be built in the church early on Sunday mornings. And even the Sunday School was in full operation when I arrived even though there was no

priest, layreader or anyone else in charge of the mission. Finding the people of Circle so dynamically interested in their church was not only



Trinity Church Gets a Coat of Paint



a surprise to me, but it was somewhat humbling. I'm not quite sure why I'm here. I conduct services and preach sermons, but I have little doubt that, with a little more education, one of the villagers could and would even take over those functions. The end result is that I'm not preaching the gospel as much as I'm learning it. What I'm learning is not too clear yet. I see things happen and then I think about them. That's about all there is to it. I've seen many people, for example, receiving Communion all over the country but not until I arrived in Alaska did I see a woman receive it with tears of joy streaming down her cheeks. And not until I got here did I ever hear of anyone saying a sincere "Thank you" when the bread was placed in his palm. And I've even run into a miracle.

One day, while visiting the mother of a large family, I heard a story which I doubt if I shall ever forget. She told me about her siege with tuberculosis. She had a very bad case and had to be taken to the hospital in Anchorage. Her children were taken into Fairbanks and put into foster homes while she was to be gone. In Anchorage, it was decided that she needed immediate surgery and the operation was performed. Following the operation, her survival was a touch and go thing and she was put under careful observation. However, because of a window in the ward which was left open one night, a strong draft blew on her back, where the operation was healing. In the morning she was very close to death. Several doctors examined her and all but one of them decided that it was only a matter of time before she passed away. The woman told the one doctor who stayed that she didn't want to die and that she'd fight so he agreed to stick it out with her. He did all he could for her medically and then made an arrangement with the patient in the next bed to signal the nurse if she should see anything that looked like this woman needed help. She got weaker and weaker and went into a coma as her back filled up with the pus of infection. Then one night, as she lay un-

conscious, the woman heard a voice. It was a strong, clear man's voice saying the words from John 14:14, "If you ask anything in my name, I will do it", and so she prayed. She prayed that she would not die. Immediately she felt her back becoming very hot. The heat shocked her into sitting up and then the skin on her back split open releasing the poison that was in her system. The woman in the next bed frantically pushed the button and soon the doctor was beside the bed. He examined her and then told her that the rupture had saved her life.

Now that story may sound to the reader like many others, but to me it was unlike any others I've heard because I know it was true. The woman who told it had great trouble finishing the story because she was sobbing as she recalled the details. And I must admit that I had great difficulty keeping the tears that welled up in my own eyes from flooding all over the place. I felt as though I had been given, for the first time, a glimpse at the power than can be generated by great faith.

I've gotten glimpses at a lot of things and though they haven't given me many answers, they have conjured up a lot of questions in my mind. When I enter the seminary this fall, I hope the professors are prepared for my questions because I'm loaded. One of the primary questions I have to ask is a matter of geography. Perhaps I can explain with an illustration.

One Sunday afternoon a young Indian girl came up to me to ask a question, "Why" she said, "do we have to wear kerchiefs on our heads in church?" Now this, I think is a question which teenage girls in Boise, Idaho or Raleigh, N. C. or Groton, Mass., would never bother to ask because they, like their mothers, look forward to dressing up to go to church. It is part of the reason one goes to church in Boise, Raleigh, or Groton. It has nothing whatsoever to do with the reason this Indian girl goes to church, however. She has no hat. Her kerchief keeps the rain off her head in the summer and helps to keep her ears warm in the winter. She also wears it to church. My attempt to



answer her question sounded very weak as I mumbled something about modesty and the covering of ornate hairdos. I really couldn't answer the question for her because the answer doesn't fit. She has lovely black hair, but she only combs it. And when she comes to church in her faded blue jeans and old jacket, modesty and humility are an integral part of what she has to offer God. She honestly wonders why she has to wear a head covering, and—now—so do I.

On the other hand, a girl from Boise, Raleigh or Groton might get up in her YPF meeting and ask her minister, "How do we **know** that Jesus really did rise from the dead?" Now that is a question which the Indian girl of Circle will never ask. She **knows**.

My question about geography is this: Just where is the mission field?

Well, the road is open all summer.

You can drive from your house to the door of Trinity Mission and it's a beautiful trip. If you should come, perhaps you'll see some new things, too. You'll certainly see the Yukon, and probably watch the Indian fish wheels scooping salmon out of the water. You'll see sled dogs (without sleds) and you can get anybody to show you to the old opera house or the old jail. The kids will even guide you out to the old "DENTEL WORK" sign if you feel like battling the mosquitoes in the brush. You'll see the sawmill and the tractors, and if you're lucky you might be here when a float plane lands on the river. And, if you like, you can visit Trinity Mission and sign our guest book.

The people of Circle like to have visitors and would be happy to see you—if you don't drive into Gladys Boquist's house.



Sisters of the Holy Nativity Speakers at Womans Auxiliary Convocational Meetings. Mrs. Lanson Harvey, President Central and Western Convocation; Sister Patricia; Sister Ruth Barbara; Mrs. Edwin Meier, District UTO Treasurer; and Mrs. Corinne Kenway, President of the Alaska Woman's Auxiliary.



# *Come to the Youth Conference*

By Jean E. Aubrey, P. H. N.

The latest event—in the seldom-dull life of the Blue Box and its Episcopal pilot included such diverse factors as smoke, gnats, a Church Conference, ham radio operators, ham sandwiches, boats, a train, taxicabs and teen-agers. The entire episode was an example of the strange and intriguing ways in which God's work must sometimes be done in the far-away places of the world.

It all began with an announcement of a conference for teen-agers to be held during the week of July 14-21, at King's Lake Camp near Wasilla, a little north of Anchorage. This seemed an excellent chance for a couple of our isolated young people to become better acquainted with the larger life of the Church, so in all innocence I wrote to Bishop Gordon asking if any arrangements could be made. His reply was typical—"Why not? And can you come along as camp nurse?" He would fly to Anvik on Friday, July 12, to pick us up, and from there we would fly to the camp. It was all so simple on paper, but there the simplicity ended and from then on confusion reigned supreme.

The villain of this tale is smoke. For some weeks several forest fires had been burning out of control in our area, and sometimes visibility was so poor that the mail planes could not get in. The smoke became steadily worse, and on Friday there was no hope of a mail plane to take us over to Anvik. (Parenthetical note: The Blue Box has no floats and Shageluk has no landing strip, so Anvik had to be our rendezvous point.) Louise and Clarence, the two young people chosen to attend the conference, had a long day of waiting with packed suitcases, and I was sure that Bishop had not even tried to leave Fairbanks. However, Glen Wilcox was reporting clear weather at Anvik all day, so Bishop decided to try to get through the smoke, anticipating a clear area when he would have to land. Then—

very suddenly, about 5 p.m. the light breeze died down and the smoke descended. It was nearly impossible to see your neighbor's house, and not possible to see across the river. This was true also in Anvik—just at the time the Bishop would presumably arrive. Time went by—he was overdue—we heard the Wilcox's talking to the CAA station at Kaltag reporting that he was not yet in—Kaltag said they would give him another hour before sending out Search and Rescue planes—and we all wondered desperately how a wheel landing could possibly be made under such conditions.

All this time Bishop had been having a rugged flight. He could not fly cross country when no landmarks were visible, so he had followed the curves of the Yukon River, flying just over the tops of the trees and scarcely able to distinguish those. He was not too worried, though, thinking that visibility was good farther on, but then he ran into the very thick blanket of smoke that had just descended and could not find Anvik. All he could do was to continue flying, and a few miles below Anvik he broke through the smoke, spotted a clear sandbar in the middle of the Yukon, and thankfully brought the Blue Box down in safety. Soon Kaltag had picked up his radio signal, and a great collective sigh of relief was breathed by those of us who had been hanging on our radios during this time.

There were no humans around to greet him, but gnats by the millions swarmed in to welcome their brother-in-wings. The feeling was not mutual; Bishop bombed the lot with a spray, climbed back into the plane, and stayed there until seventeen hours later he could see well enough to head back up to Anvik.

Over in Shageluk I was wondering how we could get to Anvik. My boat, aptly named the Slow Poke, is run by a 5½ H.P. motor, and my know-



ledge of navigation is so slight that I felt I could easily end up in the Bering Sea. There were no men around to take us over—what to do? I kept the radio on the short-wave frequency, and finally about 4 p.m. I heard Joan Wilcox tell Kaltag that a boat was being sent from Anvik to pick us up. Six hours later we heard the sound of the motor long before we could see the boat. The young man running it came in just long enough for some hot coffee, and by 11 p.m. we were on our way. What an eerie ride it was out on the river—smoke on all sides and almost too dark to see—but at 7 a.m. we pulled into Anvik, 110 miles away by river, 25 by air, thankful that the Yukon had been calm and that at last we had started on our way.

Bishop works on a tight schedule, so this delay meant the rearrangement of other plans, to say nothing of the worry his wife, Shirley, would have if she could not be informed of his safe arrival. The Wilcoxes' recently acquired a ham radio transmitter and have their licenses, so they were able to contact a fellow ham at Ladd Air Force Base near Fairbanks, and through him Mrs. Gordon was told that her husband was safe. We tried to leave after Service on Sunday, but because of dense smoke and a high wind had to turn back. Monday morning the weather reports were more promising. Again we crossed the Yukon in a boat, climbed into the Blue Box and headed into the smoke.

If you will consult a map, you will see that our course to Wasilla would normally have been south-east, but we headed north, following the Yukon, right over the trees. We were able to see many of the forest fires, one of them about thirty miles long. Three hours later we landed at Tanana, where Coleman and Anne Inge greeted us with ham sandwiches, lemonade and gasoline. From there our course took us a hundred miles to Nenana, where Bishop circled until he spotted the railroad track, and we headed south, using the tracks as a landmark. In some places we were hemmed in by high mountains, and at no time was visibility anything to be happy about. As we neared Talkeetna, after six

hours of flying, Bishop radioed to the CAA station there, but I had no idea of the reason until he turned to me and shouted, "There's a train due in three minutes," and suddenly he landed the plane on what only a pilot would have recognized as a landing field. The train was already pulling into the station when we landed, but Bishop broke a few track records, and not more than three minutes later there were three utterly dazed passengers trying to adapt themselves to a different mode of transportation. The kids were delighted—they had never even seen a train, and I was glad the Bishop could get home sooner to a well-earned rest.

From the Wasilla station we proceeded by taxi to the camp and joined forty other young people and leaders from Interior Alaska, thereby perhaps setting some sort of record for crazy mixed-up ways of getting two young people to a Church Conference. We had traveled about 700 miles, our pilot had battled every mile of the way, and our young villagers were treated to the spectacle of the Church going to improbable lengths to further their Christian education.

And what of the Bishop after all this? Did he enjoy his rest at home? To my amazement I later learned that he did not even get home that day. Two Bible School teachers had to be transferred from Minto to Tanana, then another two were flown from Stevens Village to Beaver where he finally spent the rest of the night. The following day, after flying to Fort Yukon, he found that smoke conditions were too severe for a small plane, so he bought a ticket for the Wien flight which goes to Fairbanks by way of Circle Hot Springs. And as if he had not been through enough, the DC3 was smoked in at the Hot Springs, so again he was grounded. He ended his latest adventure by hitch-hiking a ride 135 miles on a truck, and arrived in Fairbanks late that night.

St. Paul and Bishop Gordon will have quite a time comparing notes some day!



# *Historic First Youth Conference Held In Interior Alaska*

By The Rev. Alexander C. Zabiskie, Jr.

The scene is a barren recreation hall at King's Lake Camp, a somewhat rustic camp ground and conference center near Wasilla, about fifty miles from Anchorage. The time is 12:30 on the morning of the Fifth Sunday after Trinity, 1957. The "rec hall" had been swept clean of the muddy tracks which had turned to dust; a few logs smoldered in the open fireplace with a reddish glow and enough heat to cut the early morning chill. Several hard wooden benches, the sort that once may have been uncomfortable pews, made a U-shaped nave as they lined three sides of the room. In the center, a little apart from the fireplace, an old table was being sanctified as an altar, with the chalice and paten prepared for a celebration of Holy Communion. Two candles on the altar, and a series of candles that had been placed on the arms of the bench-pews added to the glow of the fire for the

light. The celebrant was the Ven. Norman H. V. Elliott, Archdeacon of the Yukon, in full Eucharistic vestments; the preacher was the Rev. Richard L. Harbour, Executive Secretary of the Youth Division of the National Council of the Episcopal Church; assisting were the Rev. Messers Robert Grumbine of St. Peter's Mission in Seward (a summer tenure, on leave from Epiphany Church, Valdez) and Alexander C. Zabriskie, Jr., of St. Matthew's Church, Fairbanks. The pianist was Miss Jean Aubrey, Nurse-Evangelist of St. Luke's Mission in Shageluk.

Such was the setting for the closing service of the first Episcopal Youth Conference in this District outside of Southeastern Alaska. Some thirty-five Young People had come together just one week before, most of them complete strangers to each other, from all over central Alaska; they came from



Young People of the Church in Alaska at King's Lake



places relatively nearby such as Anchorage and Seward; from Nenana and Fairbanks some 300 miles to the north; from Shageluk on the Lower Yukon and Fort Yukon above the Arctic Circle. At the outset they had been strangers, shy and ill at ease, full of curiosity and anticipation for they didn't know what; rather tense and nervous, each with his own set of private walls as shelter from the curious gaze of persons who would be neighbors for the coming week. Now, after an intensive week of living together they had found something that will not be soon forgotten; they had found what it means to be the Church, to love and care for one another, to be concerned about one who may feel an outsider and to labor for that person's reconciliation into the one body of which they had become a part. Each person knew that it mattered to the others what he did or said; and, as important, it mattered to each person what happened to any of the others.

And so that night they came together from the various corners of the Camp, from cabins and the waterfront, from the dancing and "pop" bottles in the Mess Hall and from nocturnal wanderings, into the converted "rec hall" in order to meet their Lord and be met by Him. An hour before some of them were frankly exhausted after such intense and vital living and confessed that they were ready for bed, too tired to stay awake for the Communion service they had all planned. But as the opening hymn, "Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Ones," began, the cords of Morpheus slipped quietly away. The service had begun; the Decalogue was read and responses sung. The mighty Epistle and Gospel were read. All joined together for the confession of the faith of the one Church to which they knew themselves to belong. Another hymn, "Nearer my God to Thee", was followed by a sermon which articulated much that had been said and thought during the week about Job's great question "How can I know God?" A cardboard boxtop served as an alms basin. The service progressed: the Prayer for the Whole State of Christ's Church; the Confession and Absolution

and Comfortable Words; the ancient "Sursum Corde" and "Sanctus" became new as our hearts were lifted up on high, giving glory to God in the Highest, and there was peace among this company of worshippers. And then, "All glory be to thee, Almighty God our heavenly Father"—the prayer of consecration in which all became one in doing "this in remembrance of me". At the Communion, there was utter stillness as the celebrant and preacher administered the bread and wine now become the body and blood of our Lord, and the assistant priests followed by "Oh God Our Help in Ages member of that holy company. When the communicants left the altar they had a visible new light in their eyes which glistened happily, and the room shone with the brilliance of their candles. The Thanksgiving and the "Gloria in excelsis"; the Benediction, followed by "Oh God Our Help in Ages Past", and the Youth Conference reached its conclusion. One by one the worshippers slipped away, each with candle held high, in a silent procession to the cabins and a peaceful rest.

The strangers had become one body; they had met their Lord and been met by Him, and they knew that they belonged together and with Him. They knew what it means to live together in Christian community, in the presence of the Holy Spirit. The next morning a pain of separation was bound with the joy of what they had found, as they piled sleeping bags and other belongings into the cars that were to take them back to the homes from which they had come. They returned the same people who had come, and yet they were different; as one person who had not been at the Conference remarked when she saw some of them a week later, "There was a lot of growing in that short week!" Amen Amen!

What was it that did all this? What caused such wondrous things to happen? No one thing was the cause, and it was more than the sum of the various elements of the scheduled program. Dick Harbour's morning presentation talks were amazing for their power and aptness as they spoke to



the ever-changing needs of the Conference; each day he changed whatever plans he might have had because of some new situation that needed to be considered by the whole group. The three working committees, for Worship and Recreation and the Evening Program, gave each person a chance to express his responsibility for a major aspect of the Conference life. The afternoons were free, so that any form of recreation could be enjoyed or ignored, depending upon the individual's preference. Voluntary activities, such as Mr. Elliott's course on "Love and Marriage" or the Altar Guild, supervised by Miss Caroline Templeton, DCE for All Saints' Church in Anchorage and for the Missionary District, were enthusiastically welcomed by several of the growing young people. The many idle and serious conversations, full of horseplay and counseling—and especially those in which Mrs. Jan Guy of All Saints' participated—these were as important to the whole life of the Conference as anything else. It was all of these and yet none of them. For in the midst of our anxiety and concern and joy for all that was going on, there was a Presence which directed the Conference, a Spirit which broke through the walls of separation and reached out to include those who felt themselves to be outsiders; which laid a heavy hand of responsibility upon each of us, and gave the power to respond to that responsibility; which brought us all together in a new relationship with one another and with our Lord, and which will keep us together as we try to live out the Christian life in our home environments.

## WE FIND . . .

(Continued from page 1)

Alaska bush somewhat lax also) comes as a poor substitute for village traditions and ways, and village life begins to break down as the older people have known it. The decline in number and price of fur forces more and more of the men into wage earning jobs—a way of life completely foreign to the work hard one week—rest the next philosophy of village life—resulting in more confusion.

The more promising children are taken away from the village for higher education at government schools, but in too many cases are equipped only with new and expensive tastes with no real way of satisfying them. New temptations and ways are revealed to all who leave the village for so called "civilization" and a fair percentage of the so called "civilized" people they see seem to participate eagerly in these temptations that the native people have been taught to avoid.

Now in many Alaskan villages the people feel no strong allegiance to the native way any more. In many cases they are ashamed of the native way because many of the whites they see seem to look down on the native culture (a way of life which in its own locale is surely one of the most intelligent and civilized the world has known in its ability to adapt to the harshest weather and living conditions and survive), and so many of our people are confused.

Their trust in the old way of life is gone; indeed they cannot live in the old way much longer—no matter how hard they work. Yet many of our native people do not feel a part of the new way that is coming to them; so they are confused; they know not where to turn; drinking offers a temporary chance of confidence and equality. There is little question that many of our people drink—not because they have a great craving for alcohol, but because they are confused and troubled and here is temporary relief.

Some find in this confusion that they do not have to work; government checks will take care of families—why work? And so many are losing self-respect when they discover that they cannot support their families by hunting and trapping and fishing any more—no matter how hard they work, but by not working the basic economic needs will be supplied.

We must make clear that this is not a picture of all the Eskimo and Indian villages in Alaska nor surely of all the Eskimo and Indian individuals. This is a picture of a problem facing all



and unfortunately a reflection of what has happened to many of the natives now dwelling in Alaska, and we as a church ministering to more than thirty villages must face the challenge.

We are not discouraged nor are we disillusioned. Surely we are distressed, but without exception we know that the need for the Church in Alaska is greater now than ever before and we hope, with God's help to step out courageously to meet that need.

First of all and, of pressing importance, we must have a resident representative of the Church in each village—the old way of one priest caring for four or five communities on an itinerant basis will not meet this need for a day-by-day living Christian witness and strength. Some of these representatives will be nurses and laymen but God willing, we will provide someone in each community, and work without ceasing to the day when that someone is a minister of the same race as the people of the village.

Secondly, we believe that the present confusion can be simply a transition period—a terribly hard one to be sure—but it can lead to new stability based on new custom and foundation in the new way of living that has come. God is equally present whether a man makes four dollars an hour as a carpenter or four hundred dollars a year as a trapper, and His way is equally good. The Church can and must help our people keep their self-respect, their desire to stand on their own feet, and their purpose to stand for what is good and right no matter where they live. Above all we must stand by our people now, loving them, understanding them, and letting them know that we do love them and understand them as brothers and sisters in the Kingdom of God and on this earth too.

We know that this can come because it has already happened in a small way at St. Timothy's Mission, Tanacross, a village harder hit than most any other fifteen years ago when it was lifted from complete isolation and primitiveness overnight with the completion of the Alaska Highway and

the erection of an Army Base right by the village.

Tanacross suffered; her people were demoralized; some still are, but under the devoted leadership of the Rev. Bob Greene we begin to see a glimmering of the road back. There is new life and spirit in the village; there is sin there too, but there is a real awareness of God's love and his purposes that surely was not there five years ago and would not be there now had not God and His Church stood by our people in their dark hour.

Our Lord left the ninety-nine sheep to search for the one that was lost. Much of our work in the recent history of the Church in Alaska has been with the ninety-nine. Now we go back with the first missionaries to seek the ones who are lost; not expecting an immediate answer, but giving of ourselves and sharing our time and resources so that the wonderful character and strength of the Indian and Eskimo culture coupled with the amazing intelligence of these our people may be adapted to any way of life; so that as individual men and women these children of God may live where they please and as they please with the sureness and knowledge that they have a place and purpose and equality in the Kingdom of God and in the sight of men.

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Miss Stella Burton, Secretary-Treasurer of the Missionary District and the Venerable Norman H. V. Elliott, Archdeacon of the Yukon, were married on August 6th in St. Matthew's Church, Fairbanks, with Bishop Gordon officiating at the ceremony.

Mrs. Elliott will continue temporarily in her present position until a successor can be found, with the Archdeacon making the headquarters for his Yukon Valley work in Fairbanks until we release his wife to him.

It is expected that sometime during the late Fall the Elliots will take up residence at Trinity Mission, Circle, with the Archdeacon flying to his scattered posts from this headquarters location.



# *New Hall and Church Extension Dedicated at Juneau*

By The Rev. Samuel A. McPhetres



Church of the Holy Trinity, Juneau

On Sunday, May 5th, at the eleven o'clock service, three members of the Building Committee of the Church of the Holy Trinity: Mr. John Scott, Mr. William Barrington, and Dr. Clayton Polley representing the Congregation, came forward to the Chancel step and requested the Bishop to dedicate the newly completed Building.

Bishop Gordon first dedicated the extension of the Church proper which followed the existing lines, structure, and dark stain of the Church which was built in 1897.

Then followed a Procession into Trinity Hall where that new addition was dedicated by the Bishop.

Thus was fulfilled a dream of long standing of the Congregation of the Church of the Holy Trinity.

The Church proper can seat fifty more people, the chancel is larger

and the Sanctuary completes the fine addition. The Altar Guild is enjoying a brand new Sacristy.

Trinity Hall is graceful with laminated trusses and large enough to seat two hundred people. Also a brand new kitchen was built which the women are already enjoying with its fine arrangements.

Downstairs there are fine colorful classrooms for the Church School, a Conference Room, Rector's office, and a new furnace room with the latest installation for good heating.

In addition to the new items mentioned, the old Church was given a new tiled floor, the walls strengthened, and the roof given a new covering.

Not only was this building undertaken for our present needs which are now pretty well taken care of, but





Congregation Gathered in Trinity Hall for Dedication



The Ladies of Trinity Guild Like That Kitchen!

as new industry and a foreseen growth in the population comes to Juneau, the Church will be prepared to take care of future needs at least for a time.

The Denali-McRae Construction Company did the building; and the firm of Foss and Olsen, Architects, drew the plans. With good Churchmen represented in both, we feel that an added interest was shown in doing a good job.

We feel that the Building Program of Holy Trinity Church was the result of fine team-work. The members of the Congregation worked and prayed and gave to make this possible.

We wish also to express our sincere gratitude to Bishop Gordon, whose cooperation and efforts made it possible to make an early start and has brought us to this very fine Dedication Day.

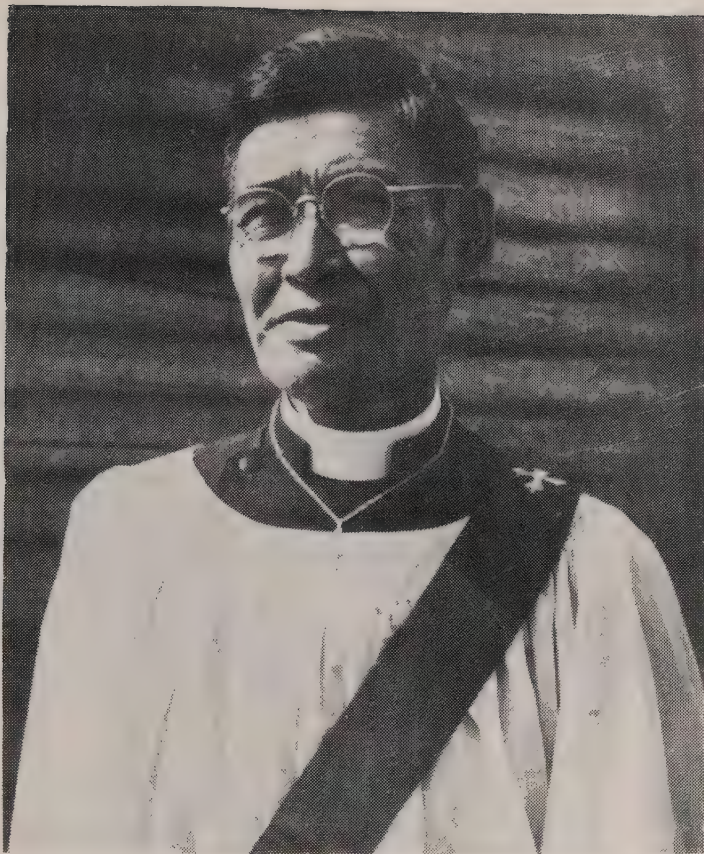


The Bishop Dedicating the Addition to Trinity Church



Men and Boys Enjoy Trinity Hall, Too!





The Rev. David Paul

## *Tanacross Indian Layreader Ordained Deacon*

One of the most inspiring events in the life of the Church in Alaska took place at Tanacross on May 30th when David Paul, an Athabascan Indian, was ordained to the Diaconate. David was the first native ordained in Alaska in more than twenty-five years. Eight clergy, the splendid girls' choir from Valdez, and a host of visiting dignitaries helped make this service the impressive occasion that it was. But certainly most impressive of all was the quiet dignity and sincere simple consecration of David Paul, now

set apart as a minister of Christ after thirty years of devoted service as a layreader at Tanacross.

Most of the details about David's life and that of St. Timothy's Mission were given in the last issue of the ALASKAN CHURCHMAN, but we include the pictures on the following pages to portray to our readers something of this great and impressive step forward in the life of the Church in Alaska, and we hope we can bring to you something of the simple consecration of that day.



Clergy and Choir Gather Between St. Timothy's Rectory and Church for Processional at Ordination of David Paul



The pictures on the next two pages show the clergy at the ordination: Archdeacon Elliott; The Rev. (Capt.) Robert Clark (Perpetual Deacon stationed at Fort Greely); Malcolm Miner; Richard Simmonds; Chaplain William Doneghy (Fort Richardson); Bishop Gordon; David Paul; Robert Grumbine; Richard Lambert; Lee Stratman; Alexander Zabriskie; and Robert Greene.

The bottom picture shows the Valdez Choir.

On page twenty Archdeacon Elliott is shown giving his charge to David Paul and David is shown after the service with Tanacross friends.

—PHOTOS BY DICK KEZLAN











## PARISHES

Anchorage	All Saints'	The Rev. Malcolm H. Miner The Rev. Carter Van Waes Miss Caroline W. Templeton, DCE
Fairbanks	St. Matthew's	The Rev. Richard T. Lambert The Rev. Alexander C. Zabriskie, Jr.
Juneau	Holy Trinity	The Rev. Samuel A. McPhetres
Ketchikan	St. John's	The Rev. J. Kenneth Watkins

## MISSIONS

Allakaket	St. John's-in-the Wilderness	The Rev. Randall P. Mendelsohn
Anchorage	St. Mary's	The Rev. Philip E. Jerauld
Anvik	Christ Church	The Rev. Glen M. Wilcox
Beaver	St. Matthew's	Capt. George S. Glander, C.A.
Cordova	St. George's	The Rev. Lewis Hodgkins
Circle	Trinity	Vacant
Eagle	St. John's and St. Paul's	The Archdeacon
Fort Yukon	St. Stephen's	The Rev. Walter W. Hannum The Ven. Norman H. V. Elliott
	Hudson Stuck Memorial Clinic	Dr. W. Burns Jones, Jr. Miss Harriet H. Keefer, P.H.N. Miss Susan C. Lewis, R.N. Miss Margaret H. Merrell The Rev. Patterson Keller The Rev. Thomas G. Cleveland The Rev. Cameron Harriot Mr. Milton Swan
Huslia	Good Shepherd	The Rev. Thomas M. Osgood
Holikachuk	St. Paul's	The Rev. Richard F. Simmonds
Ketchikan	St. Elizabeth's	The Rev. Lee W. Stratman
Kivalina	Epiphany	The Rev. Albert J. Sayers
Kotzebue	St. George's-in-the Arctic	The Rev. Rowland J. Cox Mr. Donald Oktolik Vacant
Minto	St. Barnabas'	Miss Jean E. Aubrey, P.H.N.
Nenana	St. Mark's	The Rev. Henry H. Chapman
Petersburg	St. Andrew's	Vacant
Point Hope	St. Thomas'	The Rev. Coleman Inge The Rev. Robert B. Greene The Rev. David Paul The Rev. Robert Grumbine Miss Susan E. Carter, P.H.N. The Rev. Hugh F. Hall
Seward	St. Peter's	
Shageluk	St. Luke's	
Sitka	St. Peter's-by-the-Sea	
Stevens Village	St. Andrew's	
Tanana	St. James	
Tanacross	St. Timothy's	
Valdez	Epiphany	
Venetie	Good Shepherd	
Wrangell	St. Philip's	

## OUTSTATIONS

Annette Island	Nome	Rampart	Palmer
Arctic Village	Chalkyitsik	Point Lay	Skagway
Big Delta	Dot Lake	Mentasta Lake	Tetlin
Bettles	Hot Springs	Mt. Edgecumbe	Wrangell Institute
	Hughes	Noatak	

